

MARVEL
COMICS

SPECIAL
HEROES REBORN
UPDATE INSIDE!

X M A N



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OUTSLAUGHT
PHASE 2

X-MEN



SEP. '96
19



HIS NAME IS SINISTER

HIS MOTIVES
ARE LESS CLEAR.

IN FACT, A LIFETIME DEVOTED TO
THE PURSUIT OF HIS PASSION
FOR MUTATION GENETICS,
FOCUSED EVER MORE FINELY
ON A SINGLE BLOODLINE...

...HAS FINALLY
DELIVERED HIS
DESTINY.

COME
TO ME,
BOY.



NATE GREY,

PSI-POWER
PERSONIFIED.

NATE IS ALL TOO
ACQUAINTED WITH
SINISTER FROM HIS
OWN WORLD -- HIS
OWN REALITY -- A
TIME AND PLACE
LONG GONE NOW...

...BUT NOT
FORGOTTEN.

**NEVER,
MURDERER.**

I
WILL NEVER
TAKE YOUR HAND
IN MINE, NO
MATTER THE
THREAT.

SUCH
BRAVADO.

FROM
ONE SO VERY...
ALONE.

YOU
SHOULD'VE
KILLED ME WHEN
YOU HAD THE CHANCE,
SINISTER, BEFORE I'D
RECOVERED FROM
YOUR PSIONIC
AMBUSH.

A
NECESSARY
EVIL, I'M
AFRAID.

YOUR
OWN POWER
BACKLASH OFFERED
THE SIMPLEST SOLUTION
TO THE PROBLEM OF
X-FORCE, YOUR WOULD-
BE PROTECTORS
AND PEERS. ♫

THERE'S A...
DOMINO... THE
OTHERS...

...WHERE
ARE THEY --?
WHAT'VE YOU
DONE TO
X-FORCE?

STILL
CATCHING UP ON
THEIR REST BACK IN
WESTCHESTER, I
PRESUME.

ULTIMATELY,
UNHARMED, I
ASSURE
YOU.

FOR
THE MOST
PART.

CONSIDERING
THE **ONSLAUGHT**
UPON US ALL, WE CAN
ILL AFFORD TO WASTE
ANY MUTANTS
BEFORE THEIR
TIME.

ONSLAUGHT...?

THE
MAD **CHARLES
XAVIER**...? WHAT
DOES THIS HAVE
TO DO WITH THE
MINDBENDER
WHO --

EVERYTHING,
BOY.

X-FORCE
#57 - JAYE

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

SHADES OF GREY

TERRY KAVANAGH WRITER
STEVE SKROCE PENCILER
BUD LAROSA INKER
**RICHARD STARKINGS &
COMICRAFT** LETTERS
MIKE THOMAS COLORS
MALIBU ENHANCEMENT
JAYE GARDNER
EDITOR
**BOB
HARRAS**
CHIEF

THE END OF
EVERYTHING.

BY THE
TIME I LEARNED
OF YOUR
EXISTENCE --

-- IMPOSSIBLE
AS IT SEEMS, AT
FIRST, KNOWING WHAT
I KNOW OF THE BLOOD
YOU EVER BEAR IN
YOUR VEINS --

-- AND FINALLY
RECOGNIZED THE
CULMINATION OF ALL
THAT I HAD EVER SOUGHT
AND STRIVED
FOR...

"I
ALREADY
KNEW THAT I
WOULD NEED YOU,
SUMMER-
SEED.

AND
I WOULD
HAVE
YOU.

AWARE
THAT YOU
WERE OF AN AGE
WHICH TENDS TO PROVE
MOST SUSCEPTIBLE TO
CERTAIN OBVIOUS
CHARMS...

Onslaught "To The Victor..."
(X-Force/X-Man crossover)
Part 3 of 4
Scanned by Toker The Kid





"... IN NEW
YORK CITY...

"... AWAITING
MY RETURN."

SENTINELS
EVERYWHERE,
EVERYWHERE!

-- CUTTING
OFF ALL THE BRIDGES
AND TUNNELS
SURROUNDING THE
ISLAND --

NOOOO

RUN
FOR YOUR
LIVES!

"THE ONSLAUGHT AVATAR GROWS
WITH ITS POWER AND PRIDE,
YOU REALIZE -- WITH EACH AND
EVERY PSI-LORD IT GATHERS
INSIDE ITS VOID --"

"-- THE SHADOW OF THE BEAST
DEEPENS AND DARKENS
MOMENT BY MOMENT..."

...ECLIPSING
THE LAST OF THE
LIGHT."

7
TRENODY IS NO
STRANGER TO
THIS LABYRINTH OF
SEWERS.

IT SEEMS LIKE IT WAS
MERELY YESTERDAY
TO HER, WHEN HER
OWN MUTANT "GIFT"
INITIALLY SURFACED

-- WITH THE FIRST TASTE
OF ANOTHER'S DEATH STILL
LINGERING ON HER LIPS,
THREATENING TO ERUPT
FROM EVERY PORE --

-- THIS WAS A
SECRET SANCTUARY
AND SHELTER TO THE
CORRED AND LONELY
CHILD.

BUT NOTHING
LASTS FOREVER.

ONCE
MORE FOR
OLD TIMES' SAKE,
THREN -- LET'S ALL
TRY IT TOGETHER
THIS GO-
'ROUND --

-- "NO
ONE ESCAPES
SINISTER."

NOT
HOW IT WORKS,
NEVER HAS
BEEN.

DOES THE
NAME "MALICE"
RING ANY
BELLS...?



MAYBE
SHE WASN'T ABLE
TO ESCAPE HIM,
SCALP-
HUNTER --

-- BUT THE
CAJUN'S STILL
OUT THERE,
ISN'T HE?



AND NATE WILL
BE COMIN' FOR
ME SOON ENOUGH,
YOU'LL SEE/ SOON
AS HE FIGURES
OUT --

TOO
LITTLE, TOO
LATE.

ACCORDING TO
DOC SIN
HIMSELF, LITTLE
DEATHSONG...



... WE JUST
MIGHT BE LIVING
AT THE END OF THE
WORLD AS WE
KNOW IT.

SCALPHUNTER AND
ARCLIGHT ARE
MARAUDERS BOTH --
ONLY TWO OF
SINISTER'S SEEMINGLY
LIMITLESS MUTANT
STRIKE-FORCE --

-- CLONED AND
RECLONED SO MANY
TIMES OVER THAT
THE DISTINCTION
BETWEEN DUPLICATE
AND ORIGINAL IS LOST
EVEN TO THEM NOW.



AND
STILL...

... THEY'RE
ONLY HUMAN.

30
ONSLAUGHT, ON THE
OTHER HAND...

...DEFIES ALL SUCH
DESCRIPTION OR
DEFINITION.

BOTH MUTANT AND
MORTAL ONCE, THE
CREATURE IN THIS
CELL IS NO LONGER
EITHER.

IT IS THE DREAM OF
ONE MAN, TAINTED
BY THE SCHEMES OF
ANOTHER.

THE FRUSTRATIONS AND FAILURES
OF PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER,
THE DEFEATS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS
OF ERIC MAGNUS LEHNSHERR...

...THE DOOM AND
DESPAIR OF MAN'S
INHUMANITY TO
MUTANT-KIND.

IT WILL REMAKE
THE WORLD IN
ITS IMAGE.

AS ANY GOD
WOULD.

AND DEEP IN
THE HEART OF
THE BEAST THE
IS ONSLAUGHT
NOW...

BUT TO BUILD,
ONE MUST BURN.

... FLICKERS THE FLAME
THAT FEEDS THE HELLFIRE.

HARBORING THE LATENT
ABILITY TO MANIPULATE
REALITY TO HIS WILL --

-- TO RESHAPE THE VERY
LIMITS AND LAWS OF
TIME AND SPACE --

-- YOUNG FRANKLIN
RICHARDS, SON OF REED
AND SUE RICHARDS OF
THE FANTASTIC FOUR --
IS A LARGELY-UNTAPPED
MUTANT OF THE HIGHEST
POSSIBLE POTENTIAL...

... AND YET ANOTHER
VICTIM OF THE PSI-LORD.

A PAWN
IN TRUTH.

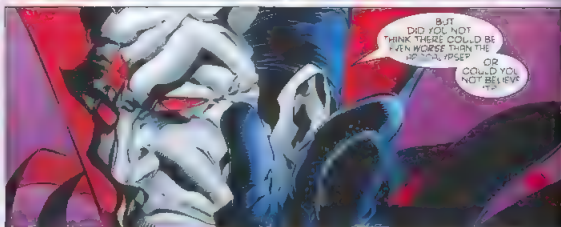
COMPELLED TO SEND OUT
A TELEPATHIC SIREN CALL
TO NATE GREY -- THE NEXT
VICTIM OF ONSLAUGHT'S
TWISTED MACHINATIONS.

AS FRANKLIN'S CALL
IS FORCED TO ROAR
ABOVE THE BLARE OF
THE SWEEPING BLAZE...

-- HE IS SECRETLY
LEARNING HOW
TO WHISPER.

MOMMY...

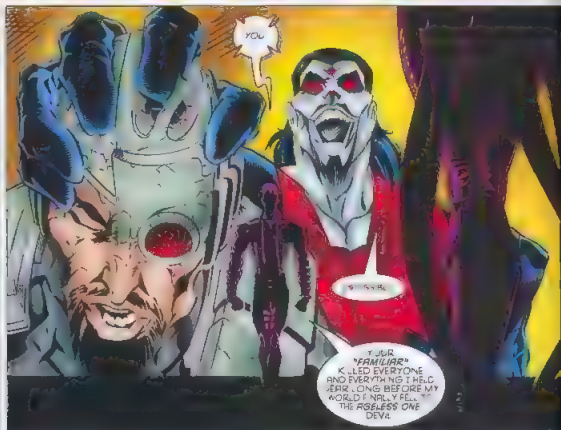




BUT
DID YOU NOT
THINK THERE COULD BE
EVEN WORSE THAN THE
APOCALYPSE?
OR
COULD YOU
NOT BELIEVE
IT?



I KNOW
THERE IS,
SISTER



YOU

YOUR
"FAMILIAR"
KILLED EVERYONE
AND EVERYTHING I HELD
DEAR LONG BEFORE MY
WORLD FINALLY FELL.
THE AGELESS ONE
DEVA



I'VE SINCE
BEEN HUNTED ON
TWO WORLDS -- EVEN
HOUNCED FROM ONE TO
THE OTHER -- FOR POWER
THAT'S RIGHTFULLY
MINE.

MINE
ALONE

TELEMORPHIC
MANIFESTATIONS
OF PURE PSYCHIC PLASMA,
WITHOUT BENEFIT OF
ANY DISCERNIBLE
PHYSICAL
TEMPLATE

MEMORIES
OUT OF THIN
AIR

THEORETICALLY
IMPOSSIBLE

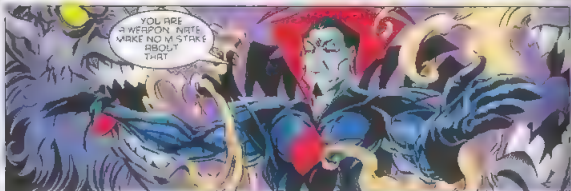


NOW I'M JUST LOOKING FOR
A LIFE, TRYING TO FIND SOME
VERSION OF NORMALCY --
ALL I EVER WANTED
REALLY

AND
YOU WOULD
TAKE THAT
AWAY

AGAIN

TO
USE ME AS
A WEAPON
IN WAR



YOU ARE
A WEAPON. RATE
MAKE NO MISTAKE
ABOUT
THAT

THE MOST
WONDEROUS ENCHANTED,
LIMITLESS WEAPON
THIS WORLD HAS
YET TO SEE
WIELDED

AND THIS
IS A WAR TO END
ALL WARS.

BUT I WILL
NOT HAVE YOU FALL
ON ANOTHER'S
BATTLEFIELD



I WILL
SEE YOU STEELED
FOR THE FINAL
CONFLICT. COME --
FIRST TEMPERED AND
TUTORED BY
THE FINEST OF



YOU
ARE
A
WEAPON

MAKE
NO
MISTAKE
ABOUT
THAT

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT
GREY?

I
HEAR
NO
SUCH

GREY

NO
CRY



A
CRY?

STOP
LISTENING, BOY
IMMEDIATELY

IMMEDIATELY

--SHUT
IT OUT
NOW!

WICK IN NEW YORK

IF THE
RAIDERS ARE
RIGHT ABOUT
WHAT'S GOING
DOWN OUT
THERE

-- NATEY
MAY NEED ME
EVEN MORE THAN
I NEED HIM
BY NOW

I
WOULDN'T
NEVER LET
A S.O.B.

LOOK
WHERE I
GOT ME

HUNTER
WAS RIGHT, I
BE BACK ANY
MOMENT

AND IF I
CAN'T DRAW
ENOUGH
DEATHCHARGE
TO DEFEND
MYSELF

DRUMMABLE

SKREE

BOY
DO I KNOW
THAT
LOOK

FEAR

-- DISGUST
LOATHING --

-- A
TOUCH OF
HUNGER

AND
DESPERATION

SKREE

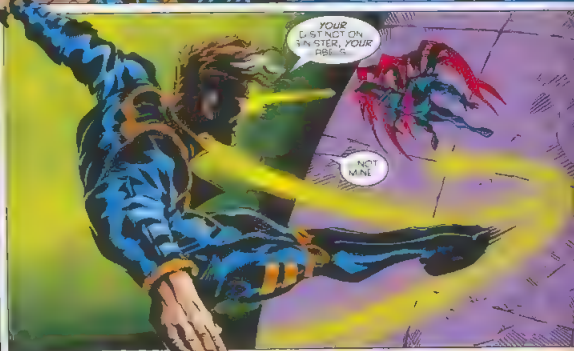
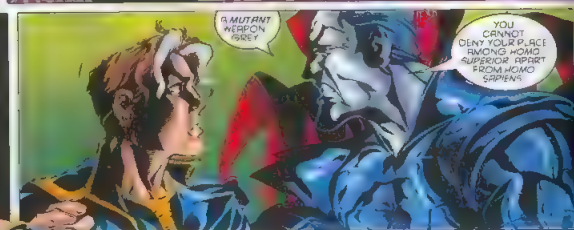
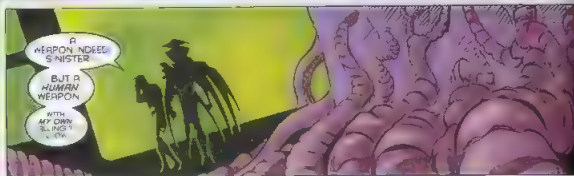
SWAP

SORRY,
SUCKERS,

WHAT
LITTLE YOU GOT
TO GIVE THE S.O.
ENERGY THAT WOULD
THERWISE DISSEMPATE
WITH YOUR DYING
BREATH

MIGHT
BE JUST
ENOUGH
FOR ME

EXPLOSION



AS YOU MOST
CERTAINLY SHALL
NOT

AARGH!

THAT
HURT
FOR
THE LAST
TIME

IT DID
NOT HAVE TO
BE THIS WAY
GREY

BUT
I COULD
NOT -- WILL
NOT -- ALLOW
YOU TO GO
TO HIM

THIS IS
ALL ABOUT
CONTROL
"X-MAN"

WHO
CONTROLS
WHAT AND
WHO

AND
YOU MUST
CONTROL YOURSELF
BOY, BEFORE YOU
CAN EVER BEGIN TO
CONTROL YOUR
POWERS

BEFORE
THEY KILL
YOU

OR
WORSE
KILL US
ALL



I OFFER THAT CONTROL!

FOR ALL THE IMMENSURABLE MIGHT OF YOUR MIND

YOU CANNOT DENY MY ABILITY TO SWITCH IT OFF WITH A MERE THOUGHT FROM THE VERY OUTSET OF OUR

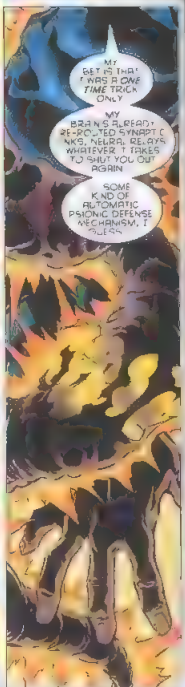


AN OPENING GAMBET S NISTER

NOTHING MORE

IF YOU TRULY HAD THE PSYCHIC SKILL TO CUT MY POWERS OFF AGAIN TO LIMIT THEM IN ANY WAY AT ALL FOR THAT MATTER YOU WOULD HAVE USED IT BY NOW

THIS SHOW OF FORCE WOULD HARDLY BE NECESSARY



MY BET IS THAT I WAS A ONE TIME TRICK ONLY

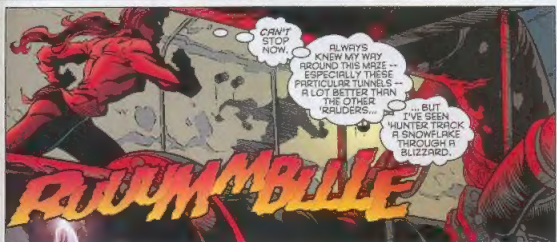
MY BRAINS ALREADY RE-ROUTED SYNAPTIC LINKS, NEURAL RELAYS WHATEVER IT TAKES TO SHUT YOU OUT AGAIN

SOME KIND OF AUTOMATIC PSYCHIC DEFENSE MECHANISM, I GUESS

-AND YOU KNOW?



BECAUSE I NEVER STOPPED TRYING TO PIERCE THROUGH THOSE DEFENSES

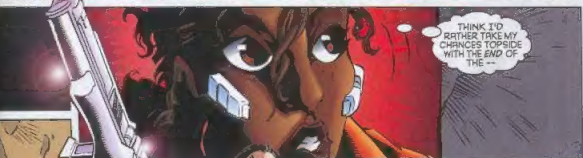


CAN'T
STOP
NOW.

ALWAYS
KNEW MY WAY
AROUND THIS MAZE --
ESPECIALLY THESE
PARTICULAR TUNNELS --
A LOT BETTER THAN
THE OTHER
'RAUDERS...

... BUT
I'VE SEEN
'HUNTER TRACK
A SNOWFLAKE
THROUGH A
BLIZZARD.

BOOM BULLLE



THINK I'D
RATHER TAKE MY
CHANCES TOPSIDE
WITH THE END OF
THE --



BACK TO
WHAT YOU KNOW
BEST AGAIN,
THRENOODY...

'CEPT,
THERE'S NOWHERE
LEFT TO RUN
ANYMORE.

WE'VE
HAD OUR LITTLE
FUN, AT LEAST,
KID.

SEEMS
LOVE AIN'T BEEN
SO KIND T'YOU,
THOUGH.

NATE
GREY CARES
ABOUT ME,
ARC...

ABOUT
ME.

AND
HE WILL
COME FOR
ME...







IT WAS.

AND ALL OF
REALITY RIPPLES
IN ITS WAKE...

DON'T MISS
X-MEN #56
TO FIND OUT WHAT
BECOMES OF
NATE GREY!

